

THE  
TWO INCOMPARABLE GENERALISSIMO'S  
of the world, with their Armies briefly described and embattailed,  
*visibly and invisibly opposing each other.*

The one is the old Serpent  
the Devill, Generall of the  
Church Malignant.

Argument.

*According to the Enmity decreed  
Betwene the woman and the Serpents seed  
In Paradise, each other doth despise,  
This hatred lasteth to Eternity:  
No marvell then that warre is now begun  
Unnaturally 'twixt father and the son.*

The other is the Lord JESUS  
CHRIST, Generall of the  
Church Militant.

**C**Lad all in angry Armes of discontent,  
Because of his perpetuall banishment  
From blisse, above five thousand yeares  
And in revenge of that same fatall blow, (ago,  
Given him by that pure unspotted Child  
Borne of a woman whom he so beguiled  
The old infernall Serpent ever since,  
Hath prov'd a hatefull Rebell to his Prince,  
And all enrag'd with malice and despight,  
He leads his captive souldiers thus to fight.

In Van, or Front march Infidels without  
The Church, then Persecutors, and the rout  
Of Heretiques within; the Middleward  
Prophane, and all ungodly men do guard;  
The Reare consists of an accursed Crew,  
Terrible indeed, and hideous to view  
(As Conscience awaked once can tell)  
Deadly sinne, damnation, death and hell.  
The wings, or sides this body that inclose  
Are fleshly lusts, and worldly pleasures Foes,  
That by force of strong perswasion kill,  
More, than the Tempter can with all his skill.  
The Collonels, Captains, Drums and Trumpet-  
And other such inferiour Officers, (ers,  
Are infernall spirits hovering in the aire;  
Th'word of command's Presumption and De-  
(spaire.

Thus *Summum Malum*, *Summum Bonum* Foe,  
Sers up his Standard here on earth below;  
And with his false suggestions, every houre  
Drawes to his party a Malignant power  
Of Potentates, as well as baser sort,  
His earthly fading kingdoms to support,  
And sends abroad his nimble *Mercuries*,  
Intelligencers, Scouts, and *Aulick* lyes,  
And promiseth rewards for all their paines,  
As pleasures, treasures, dignities and gaines:  
But all these proffers prove but a flim-flam,  
He leaves them at the last like Doctor *Lambe*;  
And when delights, and life are gone and past,  
Then comes the sad *Catastrophe* at last,  
Endlesse and caselesse torments in hell-fire,  
This is the Serpents and his souldiers hire.

**A**gainst this *Hydra-headed* Army stands  
The Prince of Peace, with his victorious bands;  
Not that this glorious Conquerour doth need  
Created helpe, to effect a noble deed;  
For He Himselfe did long ago subdue  
The Prince of darknesse, and th' infernall crew;  
But to communicate He doth delight  
To filly Mortals His owne matchlesse might,  
Which so upon them daily He conferres,  
That in the end th'are more than conquerers;  
Yet none but slaves, and conquered by sinne  
He makes His souldiers, and the field to winne,  
After He first hath pull'd them from the jaws  
Of death and hell, and given them new Lawes  
And principles divine; then doth dispose  
Them thus in order 'gainst His Churches Foes.

The Vant-guard doth consist of Saints, and brave  
Heroick Martyrs, who despise the grave;  
The true Professours of the Gospell next,  
(With scoffing *Chams* and lying *Doegs* vext)  
March in the Middleward; But O the Reare,  
(That which most th' infernall force doth feare)  
Consisteth of the Generalls owne merits,  
Which succour sends unto the fainting spirits  
Of all His souldiers, who else would be lost;  
The wings on each side of this glorious Hoast,  
Are stretched farre above all earthly things,  
Spiritual graces making lively springs  
Of hope and joy with promises so sure  
Of heav'nly life for ever to endure.  
The Officers to this High Generall,  
Are brave Commanders, blessed Angels all,  
Who at their Captaines becke like lightning move;  
Th'word of command is this; I feare, and love.

Thus stands the Christian arm'd against his Foes,  
Giving, and sometimes taking many blowes,  
And that not by imaginary force  
But as really as did Foot and Horse  
Neare *Winchester* of late, where soules apace  
Fled to the frowning and the smiling face  
Of this great Generall; For only He  
Bindeth, and maketh men and Angels free.  
And by His mighty power doth so keepe  
His souldiers happy soules that fall asleepe  
That stinging death shall never hurt them, why?  
Because they dye to live eternally.

To the Reader.

*N*OW may thine eye convey unto thy heart,  
Thine own condition (Reader) on whose part  
Or side, to take up armes thou dost intend,  
Or be unto thy selfe a Foe or Friend;  
For under one of these two Generalls  
The service of all men and Angels falls;  
You see the Captaines and their wages both,  
O love the one then, and the other loath.

G W.